For he it is, that thus hath helped thee.

Humphrey. Where wast thou borne?

Poore man. At *Barwicke* sir, in the North.

Humph. At *Barwicke*, and come thus far for helpe.

Poore man. I sir, it was told me in my sleepe,
That sweet saint Albones, should giue me my sight againe.

Humphrey. What art thou lame too?

Poore man. I indeed sir, God helpe me.

Humphrey. How cam'st thou lame?

Poore man. With falling off on a plum-tree.

Humph. Wart thou blind & wold clime plumtrees?

Poore man. Neuer but once sir in all my life,
My wife did long for plums.

Humph. But tell me, wart thou borne blinde?

Poore man. *I* truly sir.

Woman. I indeed sir, he was borne blinde.

Humphrey. What art thou his mother?

VVoman. His wife sir.

Humphrey. Hadst thou bene his mother,
Thou couldst haue better told.
Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.

Poore man. Yes truly maister, as cleare as day.

Humphrey. Saist thou so. What colours his cloake?

Poore man. Why red maister, as red as blood.

Humphrey. And his cloake?

Poore man. Why thats greene.

Humphrey. And what colours his hose?

Poore man. Yellow maister, yellow as gold.

Humphrey. And what colours my gowne?

Poore man. Blacke sir, as blacke as Ieat.

King. Then belike he knowes what colour Ieat is on.

Suffolke. And yet *I* thinke Ieat did he neuer see.

Humph. But cloakes and gownes ere this day many a (one.
But tell me sirrha, whats my name?

Poore man. Alasse maister I know not.

Humphrey. Whats his name?

Poore man. *I* know not.

Humphrey. Nor his?

Poore man. No truly sir.

Humphrey Nor his name?

Poore man No indeed maister.

Humphrey Whats thine owne name?

Poore man. *Sander*, and it please you maister.

Humphrey. Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knaue in Christendom. If thou hadst bene born blind, thou mightest aswell haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the seuerall colours we doo weare. Sight may distinguish of colours, but sodeinly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My Lords, saint Albones here hath done a Miracle, and would you not thinke his cunning to be great, that could restore this Cripple to his legs againe.

Poore man. Oh maister I would you could.

Humphrey. My Maisters of saint Albones,
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,
And things called whippes?

Mayor. Yes my Lord, if it please your grace.

Humph. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrha, go fetch the Beadle hither straight.
Exet one.

Humph. Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by.
Now sirrha, If you meane to saue your selfe from whipping,
Leape me ouer this stoole and runne away.

Enter Beadle.

Poore man. Alasse maister I am not able to stand alone,
You go about to torture me in vaine.

Humph. Well sir, we must haue you finde your legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that same stoole.

Beadle. I will my Lord, come on sirrha, off with your doublet quickly.

Poore man. Alas maister what shall *I* do, I am not able to stand.

After the Beadle hath hit him one girke, he leapes ouer the stoole and runnes away, and they run after him, crying, A miracle, a miracle.

Hump. A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, & whipt through euery Market Towne til he comes at Barwicke where he was borne.

Mayor. It shall be done my Lord. *Exet* Mayor.